APEM. Beast!
TIM. Slave!
*APEM** Toad!
TIM. Rogue, rogue, rogue!

*[APEMANTUS retreats backward, as going** I am sick of this false world ; and will love nought But even the mere necessities upon it. Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave ; Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph. That death in me at others' lives may laugh. O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[Looking on the Gold.

'Twixt natural son and sire[9]! thou bright defiler Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars! Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer^ Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow That lies on Dian's lap*! thou visible god, That solder'st close impossibilities, And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue, To every purpose ! O thou touch of hearts[2]! Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue

9 'Twix't natural son and sire!] A*a TSTOV «?c *&$&$$* Aia rSrov & *rowss. Anac.* JOHNSON.

[1] Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow That lies on Dian's lap !] The imagery is here exquisitely beautiful and sublime. WARBURTON.
Dr. Warburton might have said—Here is a very elegant turn given to a thought more coarsely expressed in King Lear:
"~~.1~~————yon simpering dame,
" Whose face *between her forks* presages snow."
STEEVENS.

[2] — O thou TOUCH of hearts!] *Touch,* for *touchstone.* So, in King Richard III:
" O, Buckingham, now do I play the *touch*₉
[6t] To try if thou be'st current gold——."
STEEVENS.